

Contents

[Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader](#)

Dear *Permission to be Powerful* Reader,



This is a photo of my twin sister and me.

Her name is Ashley. She's been missing for almost 15 years. People ask me all the time, "Where's your sister? What's going on with her?"

The truth? She vanished. Became a ghost.

Which brings me to last summer...

In 2024, I was living the dream—writing copy for Tony Robbins. Dream client. High performance. Big wins.

I was the golden boy. Just delivered a \$23 million sales letter. The numbers didn't lie. The results spoke for themselves.

So after a year of relentless deadlines, I asked for a raise. But it wasn't just about the money. It was desperate.

You see, my sister spends most of her time in catatonia—like a ghost, really. Rail thin. Tormented by voices all day. She can't work. She can't drive. She's totally helpless. And she's in a third-world country with no real medical help.

She's all I've got.

We grew up side by side. Same schools, same classes, same university. We even started our first business together. And with all the professional success I've had, I'm haunted by what could have been. She was brilliant—top of her class, a ballerina, a pianist. She earned a medical degree on a full scholarship. But schizophrenia ravaged her life, and there's nothing I can do.

Behind my career, there's a mission. I need to move heaven and earth to get her the care she needs. But the reality is, I wasn't making enough money to help her. So, I asked for a raise. It wasn't just a “nice to have” request—it was a matter of life and death for her. I needed to get her the help she deserved, and quickly.

But instead of compassion, I got fired.

Consider donating to my sister Ashley's GoFundMe [here](#)—because we can't wait for the world to change for us. We're taking matters into our own hands.

When Tony Robbins fired me, they didn't warn me or even talk to me.

So I had no idea for a week.

I just kept doing my job until Melanie—who helped me land my first big client 10 years ago—told me I wasn't supposed to be there anymore.

That broke me.

But here's the kicker—this wasn't just about a missed email or an office mistake. No, they used AI to analyze my work retroactively, searching for “weaknesses” to justify firing me. I had just delivered a \$23 million sales letter. My work had generated millions for them.

And now, they were using AI to find reasons to criticize me. It was like a betrayal on top of betrayal. They didn't even have the decency to confront me personally. Instead, they used a machine to pick apart my performance after the fact.

I spiraled. Questioned my worth. Blamed myself. Felt like I was back in a struggle I thought I'd left behind.

I know how to perform at the highest level, but when I'm down, I can't function. And I was sick of being punished for asking for what I was worth.

Jesse called me “ungrateful.” “Undeserving.”

After a \$23 million launch. After 15 years of grinding.

I came from a third-world country. There was a time I couldn't even open a U.S. bank account. I made it to Tony's doorstep, and I'm proud of what I've achieved.

I'm an Agora-trained copywriter.

That's like the Harvard of copywriting.

I've written for the sharpest marketers out there: Ramit Sethi, Neil Patel, Jason Fladlien.

You call that "undeserving"? Nah.

That's what late-stage capitalism gets you—sell your soul, then get stabbed in the back.

Whatever. I'm done with that.

I'm starting something nobody can take away from me.

For the longest time, I didn't know what I'd do next. I spent years writing for others, but never knew what I'd say for myself.

Now I know.

This newsletter, *Permission to Be Powerful*, is special. People are already raving about it. One reader told me my posts made her cry *four times*.

My voice is more powerful than ever.

The world is listening.

I've got so much love for Tony Robbins. I wouldn't be who I am today without him. I've listened to his work since I was 18. He taught me to think big and dream even bigger. No question—he helped shape the man I am today.

But, I'm coming for him anyway.

Why?

Because Tony's best years are behind him. But my voice is just getting started.

That's why I started *Permission to Be Powerful*.

We're small now, but this newsletter has been forged from 15 years of writing alongside the best, and it's only going to grow.

Consider donating to my sister Ashley's GoFundMe [here](#)—because we're taking matters into our own hands.

And as for my next step, *Permission to Be Powerful* is my mission to build something nobody can take from me. It's a product of 15 years of writing for the best, and it's only going to grow from here.

By subscribing, you're supporting more than just a newsletter. You're part of this journey—my journey—to empower myself, my sister, and anyone who's ready to take control of their own life.

I'm not asking for a handout. I'm asking for a community of people who believe in empowerment, authenticity, and the power of taking action.

Join us.

Until next time,

Anton Volney

OBJ

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.

OBJ



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